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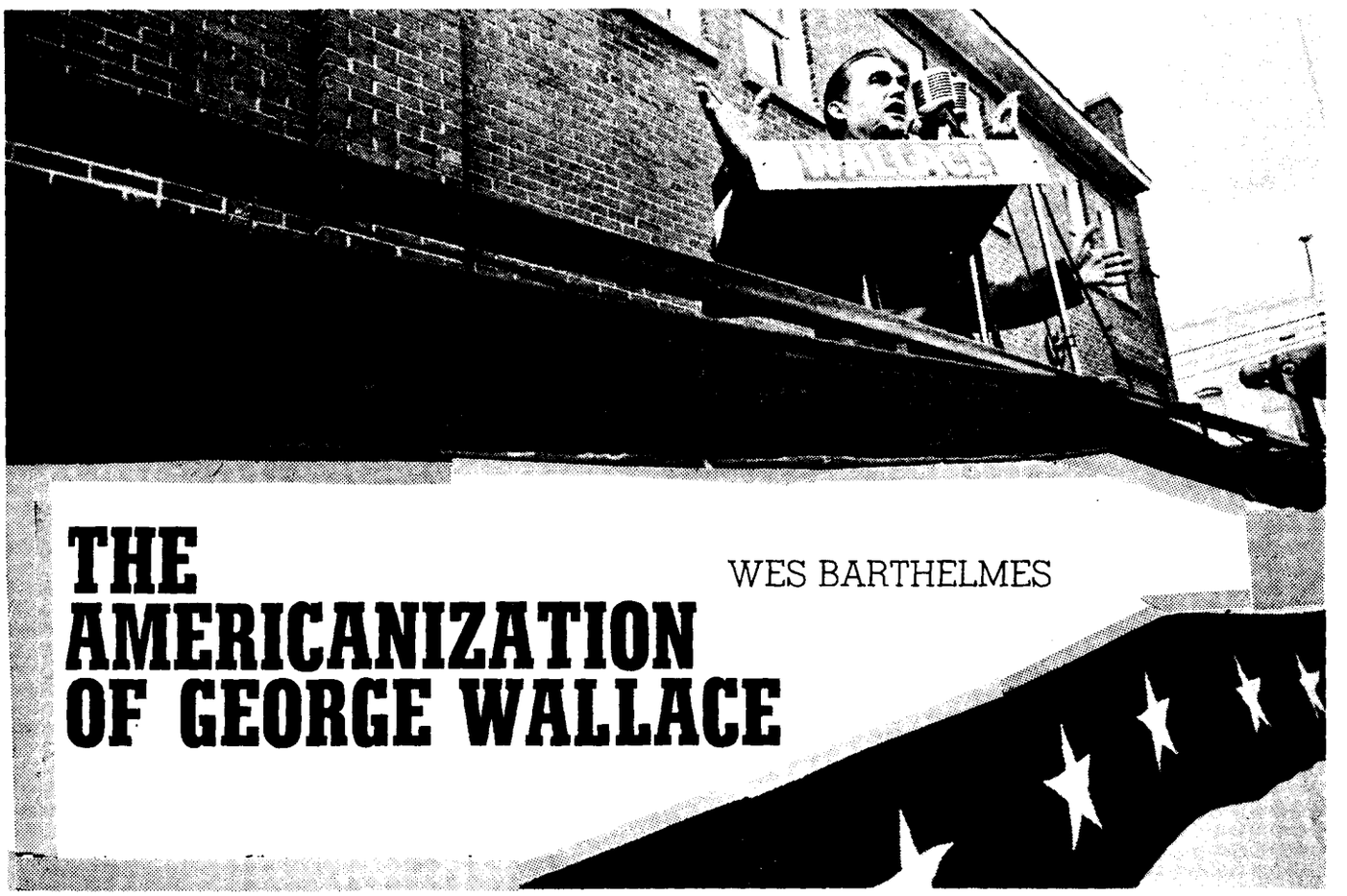

THE AMERICANIZATION OF GEORGE WALLACE
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NEWS & VIEWS

Canby and Berrigan

The intensity with which *New York Times* critic Vincent Canby lit into the movie version of Daniel Berrigan's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* was nothing short of astonishing.

Canby found the film "awful," an artistic judgment to which he is, of course, entitled and in which he is not exactly alone. But in pronouncing against the film, Canby used the occasion to pronounce against Dan Berrigan—and he did it in tone more reminiscent of the underground press dealing with Richard Nixon than of anything you'd expect to find in the grey, staid *New York Times* on most anyone.

Berrigan was speared first in the daily *Times*, then in a follow-up essay in the arts and leisure section of the Sunday edition. Canby put Berrigan down as a "swing-[er] at film festivals," as a practitioner of "go-getting public relations-oriented activism," as a purveyor of "razzle-dazzle fundamental religion," etc., etc., etc.

Now Daniel Berrigan is a man who invites a personal response to himself and his message, and thus in a sense he received what he asks.

At the same time, however, it is questionable that a film review—where the reviewer should be responding professionally to the art rather than personally to the man—is the place to be working off one's ideological fixations and the hang-ups of "a conservative Protestant upbringing" (Canby's confession).

Canby has all sorts of latitudes as an essayist in the arts and leisure section; these essays are an art form all their own. But by using a formal film review in arts-and-leisure fashion, and then by using the second to double back over the tendentious personal parts of the first, Canby raised some substantive questions about his purposes and his fairness.

The conclusion many people reached was that Vincent Canby was much more interested in reviewing Daniel Berrigan than he was in reviewing *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*.

Gregory Peck, producer of *Catonsville*, responded to Canby in the June 11 Sunday *Times*, correcting mistaken facts and trying to undo some of the *ad hominem* asides of Canby. He pointed out, for instance, that the film script was not "bad collegiate poetry"; it wasn't even intended as poetry; it was simply the court transcript. And far from "swinging" at Cannes, he noted that Dan Berrigan was there "for a total of three hours."

As for Daniel Berrigan promoting Daniel Berrigan, Peck made clear that Berrigan was in Cannes not as a conceit or for other reasons of vanity, but at the invitation of the association of French film critics for a premiere of a film which was both by him and about him. Pretty good reason for anyone to be anywhere.

Whomever else Gregory Peck may have persuaded with his letter to the *Times*, it was not Vincent Canby. Canby allowed that "perhaps" he did "inadvertently malign" Daniel Berrigan. But he took nothing back, least of all his contention that the "sacrifices" of Catonsville "had such little practical effect."

"I assume Mr. Peck is aware that we're again bombing the hell out of North Vietnam and have even mined its ports," Canby wrote in disputing Peck on "practical effect." It was a glib exercise in oneupmanship which evaded Peck's argument and provided the ultimate misreading of the Berrigan witness by Canby.

The verdict of history is already in on the point, if by "practical effect" one tallies in the effect Catonsville had in raising levels of national consciousness to the monstrousness of the American adventure in Vietnam.

Catonsville did not end the war or even knock a draft board permanently out of commission, but it did help turn on a generation of youth to peace—no small thing. The proofs are in the campus protest movement of the late '60s (which probably more than anything else was responsible for the Johnson bombing halt), and in the hero status Dan Berrigan has on campus to this day.

There was no need for Canby to go into that, but having gone into it, there was less need for him to write an appraisal that could have come from the pen of John Mitchell or J. Edgar Hoover.

Footnote: There were several communications to the *Times* re the Canby pieces. Only Peck's letter made it into print. . . . It was followed by columns arguing about *The French Connection*.

Boycott Lettuce

When farmworkers asked Republican Governor Jack Williams of Arizona to proclaim May 28 as Cesar Chavez Day in honor of the union leader's efforts on behalf of Arizona farmworkers, the governor responded by declaring May 28 "John Birch Day."

The action clues to how tough the Arizona scene will be for farmworkers after Aug. 13, when a new state labor law takes effect severely restricting primary boycotts (boycotts against growers) and outlawing outright all secondary boycotts (boycotts aimed at handlers of farm produce, such as supermarkets).

Because strikes are easily broken by growers—by using scab labor and by capitalizing on the extreme poverty of farmworkers and the seasonal nature of the work—the boycott is "breath and life" to the future of the United Farmworkers, union leaders say.

"The boycott has been so important to us in maintaining our nonviolent pledge," Chavez comments. "Where do we go if they prevent us from appealing for peaceful public support in the form of boycotts?"

Chavez's union plans mass resistance to the new Arizona law and will continue to urge a boycott.

The produce at issue this time: lettuce. Eighty-five percent of all the lettuce in the U.S. comes from Arizona and Salinas Valley in California (where a court injunction prohibiting strikes is in effect). The lettuce industry is largely non-union. Chavez is seeking to organize it.

The United Farmworkers ask people as a matter of individual conscience to refrain from purchasing Arizona-California head or iceberg lettuce, unless clearly marked with the black-eagle symbol of the UFW.

It's a request as reasonable and justified as that of a couple of years ago with respect to grapes.

The United Farmworkers also ask anyone who's in the area to join in the march they plan for Miami during the Republican National Convention (Aug. 21-24) to protest Nixon Administration backing of efforts to outlaw the secondary boycott. It's pressure worth bringing. Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz recently said of the secondary boycott: "un-American, vicious, and we've got to stop it."

Odds and Ends

—Onward Christian Soldiers Department (or, Not Since Otto the Great):

YONCHON, South Korea—A total of 3,474 South Korean soldiers were baptized into the Christian faith at an army headquarters here today in what was said to be the biggest mass baptism in history. The 90-minute rite was held on a parade ground here, 40 miles north of Seoul, with 150 civilian Protestant ministers and 50 army chaplains officiating. *(New York Times)* JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Protesting the War

Saxton's River, Vermont

To the Editors: In "Harrisburg" [April 28] Father Duff must have answered the letter from his young correspondent as honestly and helpfully as possible. It is inevitable that thoughtful young persons discover that a revered and beloved mentor is also disappointed and torn, often unable to translate hope into effort even for himself. He can only share his own insights. He cannot say to another "Get thee to a nunnery" or "Hoe thy garden" or "Join the Farm Workers" or "Go to Bangladesh with the Volunteers."

Readers who, like "the troubled girl from Philadelphia," have been close to giving up on finding clues to exploiting those underexploited counterfocal Congressmen, who believe that personal forms of action must not be delayed while waiting for the ballot box, may find some source of hope in activities of the Berrigans and their thousands of associates in act and spirit. The ballot box, so terribly abused in too many years, may need the counterpoint of such activities. The "ingenuousness" and "disconcerting amateurism" would hardly be denied by the practitioners, but "futility" does not necessarily follow.

Neither may there be "no evidence that the Harrisburg trial sharpened the war issue for the American public." Philip Berrigan's *Prison Journals* and *Geography of Faith* by Daniel Berrigan and Robert Coles make clear that the writers mean by "issue" a great deal more than the Vietnam war alone. One result of the trial has been to make evident, to more people than it was evident a year ago, the very rot and duplicity in official bureaucratic manipulation at all governmental levels, which Father Duff analyzed so poignantly. At least, the trial contributed with other events to this evidence.

To downgrade the importance of the tidal wave of popular anti-war activity

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TRIMMING-DOWN McGOVERN

In the next few weeks the "New" Democratic party will show what it is really made of—whether it is the party of hope or the party of confusion. At the moment it is fashionable to say that President Richard M. Nixon, with his new image as a two-fisted world diplomat, cannot be beaten—just as it was once fashionable to say that the candidacy of Senator George McGovern was not serious. Yet, even if Nixon ends the Vietnam war tomorrow, he can and should be turned out of office; and this can be accomplished only by a team of candidates and a platform that present a dramatic alternative. If anything, McGovern should sharpen his image and choose a running-mate who will reinforce the idea that his party offers new life and new programs. In this context, the attempt of the party elders to "educate" McGovern—after he has disarmed them of their rusty swords —seems, at best, face-saving condescension. And the attempt of the party's right wing to intimidate him toward their own mildewed "center" by branding him a "radical" illustrates the irresponsibility of desperate men. McGovern is neither a radical ideologue nor a martyr; he is a pragmatic politician, willing to readjust the details of his economic program—and perhaps even his party reforms—as long as their basic direction is not compromised.

The behavior of Senators Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie has diminished what little leadership status either one had left. Now they are spoilers. Humphrey seems more and more the used-up man, bargaining away his person—an arm here, a leg there—until one wonders whether he is driven on toward the Presidency by anything deeper than compulsion. Muskie's pious decision—after 500 phone calls and several mind-changes —to withhold endorsement of McGovern, urging him to draw on the "wisdom and experience" of the party, reaffirms the doubts the voters have had about his depth and his vision. The last Humphrey-Muskie campaign ended with Nixon and Agnew in the White House. Their present campaign to trim McGovern down to their size, unless it stops right now, may have the same effect.

Recently Senator Edward Kennedy defined *the* issue of the campaign

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when he said: "The overriding sign of our frustrations may be Vietnam, but it is not the only symptom of the alienation and discontent that run so deep today. Wherever I travel, I find that average citizens—poor or middle class or rich; white or black or brown; city or farm or suburb—have a profound dissatisfaction with the way we live, and a deep and cynical despair that things will ever change." Those who claim that the Kennedy family ego is too inflated to allow him to take second place give the Senator no credit for what he must have gained in the years since Chappaquiddick—realism and self-knowledge. The Vice Presidency would give him the perfect opportunity to do what he does best: speak for the alienated—using his rhetoric to give the people hope, as he also gives them time to perceive him more clearly in a most responsible role.

McGovern can win the Presidency for two reasons: the Nixon record, in spite of his spectacular trips, is poor; when the people have a chance to compare the candidates they will choose the man they can believe, the one who has the truest sense of their needs. The Democrats should remind the voters: that Vietnamization hasn't worked; that the immoral use of our air power has prolonged the war; that the President has demeaned the Supreme Court and the Justice Department by his appointment; that the crime rate has risen 30 percent; that the Republicans have failed on welfare reform and don't want tax reform; that the cities are still rotting, medical bills can still bankrupt an average family, food prices are up, good men are out of work, and a black man still can't buy a drink in a private club. But above all, the Democratic party must prepare itself to do what Nixon has never done well—speak honestly to the nation's troubled soul, offering them men who, as Emerson wrote, ". . . speak to the conscience, and have that superiority over the crowd of their contemporaries, which belongs to men who entertain a good hope."

SUMMER IN BRITAIN

THE TREASURES OF TUTANKHAMUN

On the political front, I suppose quite a lot has happened in Britain in the last month or two. The Government has at last stepped in decisively in Northern Ireland, by suspending Stormont and imposing direct rule from London upon the warring factions. Nobody seriously thinks this is just a "temporary" measure after which Northern Ireland will revert to something like its previous status. But the long-term effects of this move are impossible to predict: all we can be sure of is that they will inevitably involve all three partners—England, Eire and the Northern Ireland people themselves—in some profound realignments which will demand a great deal of political soul-searching. But this process will be immensely complicated by two other recent developments.

One is the agonizing dilemma of the Labor Party which has resulted from the Government's policy over joining the European Common Market. There is now an acknowledged split in the party between those, like the Deputy leader Mr. Jenkins, who are in favor and those like Mr. Foot who are passionately against going into Europe. The issue of a possible national referendum over the question has merely brought into the open a breach that has been there for a long time. The tragedy of it is that, by resigning from their positions of leadership, the pro-marketeers have virtually assured the Government of victory at the very moment when, just possibly, it could have been defeated in the House of Commons.

But if the opposition is in disarray, the Government's own policy is pretty much of a shambles too, largely because it has found that "toughness" in the industrial field, both in taming the militancy of the Trade Unions and in refusing to help the "lame ducks" among industrialists, doesn't work. Rolls-Royce, Upper Clyde Shipyards and several other concerns have had to be bailed-out from bankruptcy for the sake of the "national interest" (and in order to prevent unemployment from getting any worse), while the mineworkers' strike nearly brought the country to a halt a few weeks ago, and only an inquiry which awarded them a good deal more than the Government "norm" indicated saved the day. And just at this very moment of writing, the country's livelihood is again threatened by a sword of Damocles, in the shape of a "work to rule" by the railways unless last-minute negotiations succeed in breaking the deadlock.

With all this "drama" in the domestic political arena—not to mention the renewal of the Vietnam war, the opening of the third UNCTAD conference, the forthcoming report on public opinion in Rhodesia, and the battle for the Football Association Cup—it may seem odd that the thing which has really captured the imagination (if the coverage of the media is anything to go by) has been the opening of the Exhibition of the Treasures of Tutankhamun at the British Museum. Perhaps it is worth pondering on the significance of this fact, and asking whether anything like the same would be true of America under similar circumstances. Is it true that Americans are primarily interested in the new, whereas Europe is still fascinated by the old? What would have been the impact if Washington was observing the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamun?

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I can tell you what the effect has been in London by reporting what my daughter saw when she visited the Exhibition recently. She arrived with a friend at the British Museum at 9:30 a.m., and after a walk of several hundred yards round the building managed to find the tail end of the queue that was waiting for admission. She eventually got into the Exhibition itself at 4:30 p.m., having waited patiently for seven hours. This queue did not consist of tourists and curiosity-mongers, but ordinary Cockneys, Brummies and other assorted kinds of Britons. Queueing, of course, became a national habit during the war—queueing for groceries, queueing for buses, queueing for everything. In the postwar period the art of queueing developed even further, at places like the Albert Hall, which houses the annual summer season of Promenade Concerts. Professional queue-entertainers even appeared—men who would draw on smoked plates, who would stand on their heads on the top of beer bottles, or recite passages from Shakespeare in obvious imitation of the style of Laurence Olivier. But it would seem that Tutankhamun has outqueued them all. Even if the Pharoah's tomb-treasures were a disappointment, it would be worth experiencing the organization of the queue. For example, once inside the courtyard of the Museum, the by-then seasoned queuer of an hour's experience or more gets within sight of a refreshment stall painted in the blue and gold colors of the death mask of the Pharoah. Soon afterwards, when the queuer finds it necessary to pay heed to the call of nature, he is confronted, at the entrance of the loo, by another, subsidiary queue (itself of substantial proportions) and this means that when he (or even more disastrously, she) comes out, the queue has moved on round a corner and friends and relations are by then hard to catch up with. After a few hours of this, the queue enters a canopied space near to the Museum steps themselves and here the intrepid visitor is informed that he is now within three hours of the Treasures themselves! On the lawns outside, a female model dressed in Egyptian clothes parades herself for the benefit of the cameras, while the queuers are busy buying guidebooks, food, special editions of newspapers and other necessities of queue-life.

Eventually, after passing through a turnstile and being confronted by Howard Carter's immortal words on opening the door of the tomb ("Well, can you see anything?" Lord Caernavon had asked. "Yes, Wonderful Things!" Carter answered) the queuer is eased gently by the mass of surrounding bodies into the Exhibition itself. He is able to stay there for about forty-five minutes, and is rewarded for his patience by the sight of the Treasures themselves which, so I gather, live fully up to their reputation. When he comes out, the queuer can buy Tutankhamun signet rings, replica Tutankhamun jewelry, Tutankhamun paper bags for wrapping up the fish and chips, in fact Tutankhamun junk of every kind, just like the real stuff they chucked into the original tomb.

What is it that impels the contemporary imagination towards these baubles? Is it just a matter of excapism into the past, into a different world—a world in which everything that glitters *is* gold, where moths can no longer corrupt and where everything is beyond the reach of the ills that flesh is heir to? Is it like the cult of Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*—an imagined world attractive because of the sheer lavishness of its impudent irrelevance? Or is it that these treasures bespeak an inextinguishable fascination with the things of religion—death, judgment, heaven and hell? Is man the symbol-maker here at home once more, in an oasis of meaning within the absurd desert of the secular city? Or perhaps Tutankhamun's appeal is that of the eternal hippie, freaking out of this world into a world where all dreams come true, and the beads and the beards at last come into their own.

In a sense, I'm not surprised by the success of this extraordinary phenomenon. It has long been recognized that ancient history and archaeology are subjects of enormous growth-potential at the present time. In the field of adult education, for example, we have experienced more interest, on the part of amateur students, in this area than in any other over the past ten years. So it doesn't cause me much amazement to know that Tutankhamun, the archaeologist's dream come true, has caught hold of Britain, and will keep between one and two million people temporarily spellbound during the coming summer. But what, finally, it means as a cultural *sign* I don't know. And would Americans catch on to it in the same way? Perhaps in the answer to the second question we might discover a clue to the answer to the first.

BRIAN WICKER

COMING

MICHAEL DE-LA-NOY writes from England about the defeat of the Anglican-Methodist reunion proposal:

"Rome is believed to be on the point officially of acknowledging the validity of Anglican orders, and fears that she would back away in fright if the Anglicans embraced the Methodists, who are not at present ordained by bishops, prompted bishops like Ripon and Peterborough to lead the opposition. Where Dr. Ramsey came in was as a reformed Anglo-Catholic, as a liberal-catholic theologian who said that only God knew what each church needed for its ministry, that God would supply that need, and that a healthy ambiguity on the issue was theologically justified. Not enough people thought him right, his theological advice was rejected, and the Church of England's position as a leader of the ecumenical movement is probably at an end."

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AN ETHNIC DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS

MICHAEL NOVAK

Suppose that before the Democratic national convention, an Ethnic Democratic Caucus were to come into existence. What would be its role and what would be its purpose?

In the first place, the Ethnic Democratic Caucus would want to ally itself with the Black Caucus. The urban problems of concern to the Black Caucus are precisely those of concern to the Ethnic Democratic Caucus: abuses in real estate and mortgage practices; the strengthening of neighborhoods and families; a more equitable distribution of burdens as between suburban and urban citizens; a political system that rewards, rather than penalizes, integration; the creation of political organisms that express the many diverse cultural resources of American life; the enrichment of our present impoverished conceptions (liberal, radical, or conservative) of "social policy."

In a word, the main function of the Ethnic Democratic Caucus is to enlarge our nation's social imagination. For there are many diverse ethnic approaches to social policy, not all of which follow British-American patterns. The highly developed focus on the individual, leading to what Philip Slater calls "the pursuit of loneliness," is stronger in British-American culture than in the culture of other ethnic groups. The sense of solidarity, compassion and mutuality still latent in such groups, although in danger of being Americanized out of them, is a prime social resource that ought to be strengthened.

Thus, I imagine a coalition of Congressmen, delegates and other political figures who still retain some internal connection to their various ethnic cultures, and who wish now, faced with the dead-ends so apparent in our culture, to draw new nourishment from sources too long neglected.

No "ethnic test" will be employed. It is not blood but attitude that gives character to the Ethnic Democratic Caucus. The word "ethnic" in the title does not point toward the self-glorification of any one group, nor toward divisiveness between groups. It points, rather, to a conviction that each human person is not an atomic particle, but part of a network in a particular cultural history. To speak to a person, or to act with a person, is to speak to or act with a participant in a cultural history. One must respect the historicity of human experience.

A black is not a black merely. The history of his or her family during the past three or four generations is of the utmost importance to his or her perceptions and values. The same is true of whites. We did not come to be just yesterday what we are today, but over long periods of time. Even when we are not conscious of it—*especially* when we are not conscious of it—our family's past continues to live in our instincts, fears, aspirations. Otherwise the agonies of human experience would be even more in vain than they are. And even when we react against our origins, or gradually drift away from them, our perceptual and moral trajectory will almost surely be different from that of others who move from different origins.

One of the central political problems of American life today, particularly in urban areas, is the enormous loss of morale among (not only) lower-middle-class whites. By contrast, the faces of blacks in our cities, despite greater economic and social suffering, seem purposive, vigorous, headed in a direction. Certainly, this is true of the young: Black pride and black political consciousness are tangible.

Among whites, there is discernible contempt for politics and politicians, marked distrust, a pervasive sense of unfairness and futility. It is this anomie among the lower-middle-class whites that has given so many commentators fears of a backlash, repressiveness and explosive rage.

One aim of the Ethnic Democratic Caucus, therefore, is to restore pride and cultural consciousness to urban whites. To accomplish this, one cannot return to the *old* ethnic politics. After three or four generations, most whites are no longer "Italian," or "Polish," or "Greek," etc. To be sure, many do not feel wholly acceptable as Americans, either; or, to be more precise, they do not feel wholly acceptable to those who present the public face of America: the national media. They are usually made to feel stupid, immoral, unenlightened. They are preached at, "informed" and condescended to, by those whose own lives do not seem, after all, that much more admirable.

Often, urban ethnics feel alien from conservative politics, for economically they themselves are progressive. Moreover, many of the epigones of conservatism represent a sort of affluence and Republicanism historically and even today oppressive to them. Insofar as conservatism represents concentrated power in the hands of individuals or corporations, it is not a politics for the lower-middle-class white.

Insofar, secondly, as liberalism represents concentrated power in the hands of government agencies, universities and the media, liberalism no longer offers a politics wholly attractive to the lower-middle-class white. Liberals have given the impression—and not just the impression, *evidence*—that their recent political strategy demands an alliance of the poor, the black and the young *against* the lower-middle-class white. It is at pres-

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF GEORGE WALLACE

WES BARTHELMES

Manifestations abound of increased acceptance of Wallace-ism

Political leaders these days are leading the perilous life of Siegfried Sassoon's soldiers: "citizens of death's grey lands, drawing no dividends from time's tomorrows." Within nine years, violence has inflicted wounds across the political spectrum. The amended graffiti now warn that "the United States is not healthy for Kings, Kennedys, children and other living things—including George Wallace."

During the dismal decade of the Sixties, "we" felt the loss of our leaders, leftists all in the view of dry-eyed Wallace supporters of that time. Then, on a parking lot of a tacky suburban shopping center in view of several hundred Marylanders attracted to his inelegant rightist views, Wallace was critically wounded last month by an assassin. Now "they" grieve over their paralyzed spokesman.

As a result of this involuntary brotherhood of grief, it would be hopeful to believe that the "we" and the "they" of America will now better comprehend each other's perceptions about the deep malaise, bordering on malignancy, that infects the country. Perhaps, the domestic weapons-fixation, product of a frontier mentality, may become loosened. Or, perhaps, we are after all truly children of Cain, accepting resolution of conflict by violence. "Almost alone among the nations with the highest level of economic development and the greatest degree of political freedom," the (Eisenhower) Presidential Commission on Causes and Prevention of Violence commented, "the United States has a high assassination rate." Who will be the next crying wife kneeling over her bloodied candidate-husband? Will political violence eventually bludgeon our electoral process into submission?

WES BARTHELMES *is a Washington-based writer.*

These dire considerations aside, one major consequence is clear. The shooting has propelled Wallace himself through the front-door of the national Democratic party and Wallace-ism has become nationalized.

There have been numerous manifestations of increased acceptance of Wallace-ism. Presidential candidates have gone to the bedside of the man who lends his name to the diffuse movement. Lawrence O'Brien, Democratic National Committee chairman, apparently thinks that his Paris—the Democratic Presidential nominating convention at Miami Beach in July—is worth a Mass. O'Brien, the party pro, visited Wallace, at Holy Cross Hospital in suburban Washington, D.C., shortly after the shooting. No longer disrespectful in his public comments about Wallace's candidacy, O'Brien told reporters afterward that he'd had a "long and delightful" visit with Wallace. O'Brien said he had promised Wallace the same "fair shake of the dice" as other Democratic Presidential candidates. The party's political insurgents on the left and right, as well as becalmed custodial liberals, have been duly notified that the shooting accomplished what Wallace himself had not accomplished—it legitimized him as a Democrat of *national* standing seven weeks before the opening of the nominating convention. For George Corley Wallace, the visit was his Americanization ceremony.

The new-look toward Wallace does not mean, however, that the election-year road for Democrats has turned toward the sunlit uplands of politics. A distinction is to be drawn between Wallace, the public man, and those who follow him. If Marx, alive today, would assert that he is not a Marxist, then Wallace-ism may correspondingly claim its parentage is someone other than its namesake.

Wallace, to turn the phrase around, is not a credit to

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his race. He assiduously cultivates the mean streak within each of us. He twists the views of those who seek a politics of redistribution of the economic cake into a politics of retaliation. Despite his disclaimers, his expeditions into Democratic primaries in Northern states were essentially in the nature of political foraging expeditions. His electoral progress in the primaries to date has been remarkable, but exaggerated. His primary election gains, viewed in terms of delegate votes, are misleading. It will require 1,509 delegate votes to nominate a candidate at the Democratic convention. Through May, Wallace is credited with 323 delegates. But fewer than one-third of these are genuine Wallace delegates. The remainder are bound to him under primary laws and requirements of the states. In Maryland, for example, McGovern delegates were elected in five Congressional districts. But, under state law, they are bound to vote for Wallace on at least one, and possibly two, nominating ballots at the convention, because Wallace won the Presidential preference vote in each of those five districts.

Moreover, Wallace is getting too much the best of it in the press. Reporters covering the Wallace campaigns have not consistently made clear the man's record back home, where Governor Wallace has been a dominant political figure since the late 1950s. Alabama ranks lowest among the states in per pupil expenditure for public schools; 48th in per capita income; 38th in average hourly earnings; 39th in wages of production workers; 46th in its percentage of high school graduates. Alabama has no state minimum wage law. It has the second highest percentage among the states of residents living in poverty —25 percent. Its tuberculosis and syphilis rates per 100,000 population are among the highest. Alabama is a model state—a model of what not to become.

Nevertheless, Wallace has ahold of something. Long ago, his political radar picked up stirrings of mutiny among white Americans. Four years ago, Robert Kennedy, as he campaigned in Gary, Indiana, articulated this discontent in affirmatively remedial ways; Wallace takes the same sense of grievance and fashions it into a potential American nightmare. His being shot will not lift him into national elective office, but matters he exploits—stringent law-and-order, backlash against blacks and hostility to social welfare programs, except that of Social Security—have become more "respectable." Other candidates are taking a closer and more interested look.

Wallace was attracting increasingly larger audiences as he moved about the country during the first four months of this year. "A new crowd," compared with that of 1968, in the opinion of Robert Healy, political editor of *The Boston Globe*. "It is a shirt-and-tie crowd . . . This isn't the same crowd you saw in south Jersey in 1968. The bellies sticking out under the shirts. And the white athletic socks." This year it resembles a majoritarian audience, one that could equally be at home with Senator McGovern's quest for the support of the discontented voters. Sensing this, Senator Humphrey, beaten by Wallace in the preference primary in Oregon, of all places, lunged after this sector of public opinion during the ensuing California primary campaign.

These "fed-up" white Americans, as they view themselves not without self-pity, are upset at general government and General Motors. They are upset at those 112 taxpayers each with more than $200,000 in annual income who paid no federal individual income tax last year, while they stagger from monthly payment to monthly payment on the installment-plan, American life-style. The audiences, drawn to Wallace's rallies, regard themselves as mainstream Americans short-changed while, as they perceive it, flouters of the Horatio Alger legend, affluent white and the needy black, rake in the good things of life. They sense that members of Congress, too, are not protecting their interests, because, with hardly a demurrer, they approved the Nixon wage-price "freeze", which, at its core, was an attack on living standards of those whose incomes are tolerable—but barely so.

This swelling of discontent is a movement of far greater force and consequence than that of the counter-culture crowd, described by Theodore Roszak. A former Tammany boss, Ed Costikyan, caught a whiff of the mood in the Jeffersonian tone of a report he helped prepare in connection with a study of the "government" of New York City. When major league baseball players refuse to play-for-pay, as they did this Spring, then there is trouble afoot in this land. The majority is not silent; rather, big government is deaf.

"Unresolved Neglects"

We are awash with unresolved neglects. It's not clear which, if either, major political party will respond more effectively. It may lead to three- or even four-party contests at the general election this fall.

Nor is it a problem for Democrats to resolve. President Nixon is cagily involved. Nixon is a more competent practitioner of social pacification, albeit negative, than is Wallace. He may yet fashion a political majority of the South and West against the North. Unlike Wallace, Nixon understands that policies are needed; posturing and attitudes alone are insufficient. And Nixon is emerging as more a Bismarckian Iron Chancellor than an American President. Nixon understands the distaste for contemporary social trends, the dislike for heavy-handed government, the cornered feeling that we live in a time when everything that is not prohibited is being made mandatory.

The situation, with Nixon in increasing control of the broadcasting media, is not as ripe for "populism" as some may wish. Historically, populism has been a volatile affair that has turned sour. Populism has displayed a nasty proclivity, racist in part, that ultimately distorted its economic objectives. Both Tom Watson and "Cotton

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Ed" Smith warped the populist sentiments of their time. Then, in the Depression of the Thirties, populism was sidetracked, because Franklin Roosevelt chose the channels of federal power through which to remedy economic distress. Political liberalism, as we know it, bears this marking—throw enough tax-raised federal monies at problems and some of it, at least, is bound to stick and do some good. This formula has become increasingly ineffective. McGovern, on the other hand, is equipped to keep a genuine multi-racial populism on course. But no one can accurately predict the ultimate political tendency of disaffected America.

A clue to its psyche is provided by a definition of John Adams:

"The poor man's conscience is clear, yet, he is ashamed . . . He feels himself out of sight of others, groping in the dark. Mankind takes no notice of him. He rambles and wanders unheeded . . . In the midst of a crowd, at church, in the market . . . he is in as much obscurity as he would be in a garret or cellar. He is not disapproved, censured, or reproached; he is only not seen. To be wholly overlooked, and to know it, is intolerable."

In a thinly populated land with poor communications, this "intolerable" feeling was not always politically manifested. In an age of literacy and prompt communication and travel, this intolerable feeling may insist on political expression. But in what manner and in what direction?

We may know on November 8, Election Day plus 1, whether to welcome or draw back from the future.

AMERICAN THEOLOGY

THOMAS McGOWAN

The oldest-newest form of Christian self-understanding

It is a strange phenomenon that for many generations American practitioners of theology have looked to Europe for their ideas while ignoring the vital contribution to Christian thought being made in their native land. This indigenous American theology is not merely a "theology of culture," as many of its detractors insist, but rather a legitimate expression of the Christian understanding of the gospel. Western theology since the time of Augustine has started with the category of sin and evolved a theological system around the theme of redemption. But the American theology, somehow preserving the same affirmative approach as found in a Clement of Alexandria or in the continuous tradition of Eastern Christian theology, begins with an even more fundamental presupposition—creation.

Americans have always been interested in creating the perfect society. Freed from the space confinement of Europe they leveled the continent in a relatively short period of time. Freed from the time confinement of tradition they were open to new ways of developing human life. For American Christian thought this freedom was as much a theological conclusion as a geographical or historical fact. Creation, the fundamental beginning point, is God's work and so is necessarily good. This is why Christian Science is such an obvious example of the American religious experience. The Christian Scientist, accepting the first chapter of Genesis as normative, believes that whatever has been created is good. It follows then that evil does not exist, because whatever exists comes from the hands of God and it would be blasphemous to think of God creating evil.

Theologically, the theme of creation subsumes the theme of redemption. For example, God "redeemed" the Hebrew slaves by "creating" a new nation, giving them new being and making them new men. It is in such acts of creating freedom that God is present and reveals himself. The American theology denies, therefore, the notion of "two worlds," one natural and the other supernatural. Rather, as Horace Bushnell has argued, there is "one system," which is a graced creation. God has always been present to his creation, revealing himself in it. To the Jews of the Old Testament period he revealed himself by his continuous acts of freeing them to be more human. To the Christian belief he has finally and completely revealed himself in the Word spoken at the incarnation.

Americans like William James have spoken of "creative faith" and have determined to make the perfect man in spite of the long history of negative Christian thought which has emphasized human depravity. This country was founded on such naive, simple trust. In the words of Reinhold Niebuhr, we are children of light as over against children of darkness. The children of light are those who believe in the goodness of people. For this reason Stephen Vincent Benet's classic story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," is very peculiarly American. Webster allowed a jury of cutthroats to judge his client, but he demanded one concession—they all had to be American. As

BROTHER THOMAS MC GOWAN, F.S.C., *is assistant professor of religious studies at Manhattan College.*

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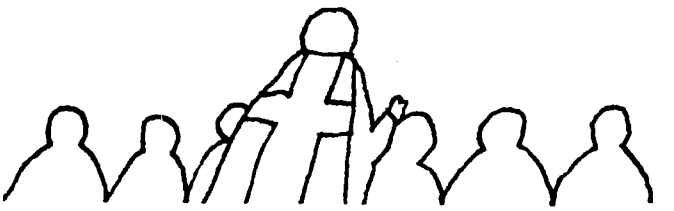
it turned out, he picked his jury correctly, for to be American means to give someone another chance, a concept flowing from the American belief in human dignity. Because the American spirit believes that Utopia will eventually be manifested, it is willing to think in terms of second choice and not to hold mistakes as absolutely final. Even the Puritan mode of punishing malefactors was illustrative of this. The criminal might be put in the stocks for a period of time, but he was soon returned to the community to contribute to the work of building the conditions for the Kingdom of God.

Since the American theology does not start with the problem of sin, it avoids picturing Christ mythically as the savior who descends from heaven in order to suffer and bleed in atonement for man's fall. Jonathan Edwards, for example, reflects the American emphasis on creation when he speaks of Jesus Christ. Edwards argues that since it would be a contradiction to think of absolute nothingness, creation is simply the emanation of the fullness of God himself. The ultimate purpose of God's creation of the world, therefore, is to communicate his holiness, and the function of Jesus Christ is not "to mend and to patch up" but to be the full epiphany of God among men. The key theological question should not be Anselm's "Why did God become man?" which brings us into a legal and mechanistic understanding of Jesus Christ, but rather "Why did God create?" which opens for us the glory of God's union with his creation. Jesus Christ fulfills God's purpose in creation by sanctifying and divinizing the world. He dignifies men's lives by being the presence of the Holy One in time and space.

If creation be good because it is God's gradual unfolding of his very being, then it follows that man does not need any discontinuous conversion in order to reach salvation. In many ways the nineteenth and twentieth century revivals are not characteristic of the best of American theology because of their emphasis on justification rather than sanctification. This kind of Reformation theology presupposes that man is evil and will always remain so. What saves him is being covered with the blood of Christ so that God will accept him, even in his radically depraved state. This is not, however, the revivalism preached by Jonathan Edwards in the eighteenth century. In Edwards' thought man was called to communicate with God, that is, to "know" God in the sense of sharing friendship with him.

But it was not until Horace Bushnell that the full extent of the American deviance from traditional Calvinism was evident and a complete theology of Christian nurture was presented. Bushnell constructed his theology in terms of his primary pastoral interest in the Christian growth of his people. While his nineteenth century contemporaries were frequently engaged in internecine quarrels, he took as his chief task to "pastor" souls rather than to indoctrinate them. Bushnell worked to develop a sanctified people here and now, not just in some eschatological age. At a time when his fellow-ministers were carrying on university-centered debates on the questions of sin and redemption, he shifted the foci of theology to the sanctifying work of God and the pastoral office of the church. He was not so much interested in defending things said about God's nature as in experiencing the holiness of God in his personal presence. In this sense he transcended the theology being practiced around him and returned to some aspects of Puritan theocracy and even to a more ancient patristic tradition of divinization. For Bushnell, God alone is holy and makes men holy by being present to them. The pastoral effort involves, therefore, the setting up of conditions which make possible



the actualization of God's presence to men. This is done, he felt, not by speaking about God, as was the habit of the theological schools, but by meeting Christ, who is the presence of God in the world and the source of all holiness.

Bushnell was not alone in his view of the perfectibility of man. William Ellery Channing, for example, specifically defined the purpose of Christianity as the elevation of man to become a "diviner being." And Ralph Waldo Emerson viewed Jesus Christ as the one man who was self-conscious of what is in each of us—the one who could truthfully say, "I am divine." Divinity was no problem for Emerson; what did annoy him was the tendency of theology to limit the concept of divinity to one or two persons. Emerson, on the contrary, believed that all men are divine and need only discover their true selves in order to let their essential relation to God shine through. For this reason he joyfully proclaimed the Sabbath as the great Christian sacrament, since its purpose is to celebrate the glory of God's presence in the world.

This optimistic view of man has frequently led Americans to develop Utopian hopes and to clothe these with an appropriate mythology. Americans have believed themselves to be an elect people, a new Israel, providentially watched over, bound in covenant with God, and summoned to lead the way to a millennial fulfillment. The list of communities which have been formed to achieve these aspirations is quite extensive: the Shakers of Mother Ann Lee, the Oneida commune of John Humphrey Noyes, the several efforts of the Transcendentalists, the Mormons—to cite just a few. All of these groups have one thing in common, namely, much within the theological tradition of the Puritan founders they were determined to build the Kingdom of God here on earth.

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This kind of undertaking would seem like nothing more than sinful pride except for the belief that this is the age of the Spirit and the Kingdom is in fact already here. All that is required is for man to remove the sins which cover over and blur the reality from our sight. American theology does not accept the classical Protestant separation of justification from sanctification. To divide these two tends to endorse the status quo as inevitably evil and incapable of being changed by man's efforts. In such a view there will be needed a cataclysmic intervention by God and the introduction of a radical newness up ahead. But such an approach does not take seriously the ultimate risks of the present. If Christianity is defined in terms of being justified now but sanctified in the future, the present time loses much of its significance. The focus of our hope is not in the future, however, but in the present; the ultimate horizon of hope is situated not at the end of history but in the experience of God here and now.

What the American theology has done, therefore, is to recognize that this is indeed the age of the Spirit. No longer need we wait upon the Kingdom since it is already here. The mission of Christian life, then, is to challenge the world to recognize the glory which is present to it and to get about the business of letting God's reign show forth. The Puritans became almost schizophrenic trying to deal with this kind of a theology. On the one hand they proclaimed the freedom of the Spirit, while on the other they tried to legislate the shape of the Commonwealth. Unfortunately, Americans are still vacillating between these two goals of freedom and law and order.

Europeans tend to dismiss the American theology as being blind to the darker side of life. William James' "religion of healthy-mindedness," by conceiving good as the essential and universal aspect of being, is accused of deliberately excluding the most self-evident evils from its field of vision. Such critics urge more emphasis on guilt and deliverance to save Americans from suffering much heartache when they finally encounter the harsh reality of sin in the world. But does the American theology really neglect the place of sin in human life? It is true that sin is never the starting point nor is it considered in the kind of cosmic terms which make it extraneous to man's activity. Such a definition would inevitably force Christian thought into its perennial heresy—dualism. If sin is such an outside and powerful force, then God must combat it almost as an equal. Jesus Christ becomes in this system the savior who descends from a supernatural world to struggle with and defeat the demonic in life. But this is to make Jesus Christ an afterthought of God, a result if man's *felix culpa*. And this is precisely what American theology refuses to do.

Yet the American religious experience does have a keen appreciation of sin. Together with its basic trust and optimism in man's goodness, it is not unmindful of the way man falls short and holds back the Spirit. But such evil, as Emerson says, is merely privative, not absolute. It is a kind of shrinking or uncreation whereby man rejects his true humanity. In this view sin is always man's own act, never God's.

Walter Rauschenbusch, a theologian well within the American tradition, certainly recognized the evils plaguing the American industrial society and tried to arouse the social conscience of Christians. It is true that in his last years he revised his earlier confidence in human progress and taught a doctrine of a "Kingdom of Evil," but even here he avoided the danger of hypostatizing sin. Rauschenbusch saw that besides individuals there exist also communities which develop a kind of personality of their own. Surely the discipline of sociology could not exist without this very same understanding of human behavior. What Rauschenbusch developed was a view of corporate guilt which needed the social efforts of Christians trying to follow the ethics of the gospel to be overcome. But this is still within the American belief in a realized eschatology in which the Kingdom simply has to be manifested to become viable.

Rauschenbusch was not afraid to call upon the revolutionary aspects of the gospel to bring forth this Kingdom. If creation is truly essentially good and only existentially evil, then the Spirit must not be bound and fettered to the present state of things. He should be free to move about, to change the world, to be in fact a disturber of the serenity men have mistakenly called peace. Present evil situations need to be corrected. The idols of nationalism and capitalism, pointed out by Reinhold Niebuhr some thirty-five years ago, must be rejected by a church too long held captive by them. By the same token, the modern idols of racism and war must be identified and exorcised.

In the contemporary American religious experience there have risen up prophets to point out and condemn these very idols. Certainly men like Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Berrigan brothers fit this description. In an age when relativism produces and actually values ideological conflict, King and the Berrigans have enunciated in words and actions a Christian faith which proclaims the total interrelatedness of man with man and the ability of those who are even opposed to each other to live in a reconciled state. An ethics which accepts the relativist position is led to concur in the inevitability of human conflict and to view evils like racism and war as necessary and even good conditions of human life. But the slogan "We shall overcome!" is uniquely American.

The American prophet spurns the suggestion that evil is ineradicable because he truly believes that the reconciling power of the Holy Spirit is active in the world and can overcome whatever is blocking the emergence of the Kingdom of God. King and the Berrigans have attempted by their prophetic condemnation of the contemporary sin of violent conflict to stress the ultimacy of the value of

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friendship in human relations. Racism and war will end only when a new condition of friendship is set up between the antagonists which will destroy the relativist ideology engendering the conflict, not by setting up similarly relative standards of justice but by creating a holy community of love. Such a community has long been the goal of the American theology.

King and the Berrigans are good examples of theologians in the American spirit. Their revolutionary aims are well grounded in American Christian thought from the early Puritans through Edwards, Channing, Emerson, Bushnell, Rauschenbusch. The belief in a present age of the Holy Spirit will not abide a world that falls short of the New Jerusalem. When the American theologian speaks of "knowledge of God," he does not mean an uninvolved intellectualization but rather a working, active, vitalizing knowledge which has unifying, uniting and divinizing effects. This is why there is an essential strain of mysticism in the best of American theology. Even such an institution as the Puritan Sabbath, which unfortunately reverted to a mere legalistic observance, had at its origin this keen theological insight that God's ultimate purpose in creation is the sanctification of all things by his personal presence. Man is not really called upon to rationalize about this gift but simply to enjoy it. Of course, as the American mystic Rufus Jones observes, the experience of this divine union does not remain in itself but spills over into greater involvement and service in the world. In *Social Law in the Spiritual World* Jones writes:

> It is a primary fact for the mystic that he partakes of God, that his personal life has come out of the life of God, that he is never beyond the reach of God who is his source. But his true being is to be wrought out in the world where he can know only finite and imperfect things. His mission on earth is to be a fellow-worker with God—contributing in a normal daily life his human powers to the divine Spirit who works in him and about him, in bringing to reality a Kingdom of God.

This mystical element is in many ways the key to an understanding of the American theology. Traditional European Christian thought has started with the existential fact of sin and proceeded to develop a consistent religion of deliverance. The second creation story in Genesis, concentrating on man's formation from the slime of the earth and his disastrous fall, is the focus for its theology and salvation. God is seen as the offended Lord who demands retribution, while Jesus Christ becomes the vicarious victim who suffers from man with much emphasis on blood, pain and sacrifice. The whole doctrine of redemption, in fact, tends to take on overtones of a legal transaction. The change takes place more in God than in man. God is placated but remains corrupt in spite of his justification by the blood of Christ. The church, in turn, is pictured rather logically as an ark of salvation, a "lifeboat" as the revivalist Dwight Moody once referred to it, which brings salvation to those lucky enough to be aboard.

The American theology, on the other hand, uses as its presupposition the first creation story, where God calls man to experience the divine presence in the world. From here it proceeds to develop a religion of epiphany which supplants the way of negation by the way of affirmation. God is now seen as the Holy One, constantly revealing his relationship to creation, a relationship which reaches complete identity in the person of Jesus Christ, who is no longer just a "problem-solver" but the full revelation of God. The essence of Christian faith becomes, therefore, the effort to be similarly Christed, to share the divinity open to all men. Because this theology does not concentrate on man's frailty but on his destiny, namely, his call to divinization, it can speak quite optimistically of man's development in spite of the obvious fact of sin.

The American theology sees this Christian nurture as the work of the Spirit, who leads man to become godlike, that is, to share the holiness of God. The church, in this American view, is truly a Commonwealth; it is a community which seeks a radically new way of existence—one based on friendship with God. This kind of Christian thought sees the reason for God's revelation of himself more primarily in terms of sanctification than of redemption. Soteriology is too shallow a theological category to deal adequately with such gifts as the incarnation of the Son and the indwelling of the Spirit. The reason for these acts of God must pertain more to the life of God himself than to some need of man. The American theology, therefore, by putting emphasis on creation as the epiphany of God in all things, has the great advantage of dealing more directly with the gift of the seventh day, that is, the sanctification of the world in the glory of God's presence. This is the ultimate value which the American religious experience has long sought.

BOGEYMEN OR DOUBLE BOGEY

THE SCREEN

Last month, when I was talking about the craze for new movies made in old Hollywood styles, I mentioned two films that pay homage to Humphrey Bogart. One is *Gumshoe,* an Albert Finney vehicle set in Liverpool, and the other is Woody Allen's new film, *Play It Again, Sam.* In *Gumshoe* Finney plays Eddie Ginley, a music-hall MC who places a classified ad reading, "Ginley's the name: Gumshoe's the game. No divorces." He does this for a lark, and receives a serious reply that involves him in murder, smuggling, counter-insurgency and family betrayal. The fate of *Sam* is less happy, how-

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ever. Woody Allen plays Allan, a film buff who wants to make it with a live woman—any woman. This is Woody Allen's usual persona, a figure whom we can take to be as close to the real Woody as Allen is to Allan. The new wrinkle in this scenario is that the little fellow hopes to get a girl by taking advice from the ghost of Humphrey Bogart.

It's funny how nothing was ever what it seemed to be in those Bogart movies. At least, in *Gumshoe* it's funny. The film is a spoof on the way the Maltese Falcon turned out to be the wrong falcon, Mary Astor turned out not to be a nice, lovable girl, and *The Big Sleep* turned out to be incomprehensible. At one point in *Gumshoe,* for instance, Ginley's sister-in-law (Billie Whitelaw) comes home to find him sitting at her living-room piano. The piano music positively lilts as they reveal their affection for each other by exchanging insults. Then she remembers that he doesn't know how to play the piano, so she quashes the romance of the moment by shutting off the record player. It was because he lived in a world where things were never what they seemed that Bogart had to be aloof, impassive, mistrustful. The same goes double for Ginley. At the end of *Gumshoe,* having turned in both his brother and sister-in-law, Ginley reflects that he'll just have to learn to get along without his family. It's an observation that takes off the end of *The Maltese Falcon* perfectly.

Maybe *Gumshoe*'s superiority to *Play It Again, Sam* results from the fact that Neville Smith and Stephen Frears, *Gumshoe*'s writer and director, have more discriminating taste in Bogart films than Woody Allen. The Bogart ending that Allen favors is *Casablanca*'s, where Bogart helps Ingrid Bergman to escape with her husband. *Sam* begins with Allan watching this scene in a theater and ends with him playing it again (Sam) as an episode in his own life. Compared to the ending of *The Maltese Falcon*, when Bogart turns Mary Astor over to the cops, or the end of *The Big Sleep*, where he and Bacall wait silently for the arrival of approaching sirens, the end of *Casablanca* is strictly for sob sisters. Moreover, it isn't just in the ending's preference for *Casablanca* that *Sam* shows its want of insight into the man it would parody. In the advice that Bogart's ghost gives to Allan all along, we see the better Bogart insulted too.

The general tenor of the ghost's advice is that women need to be slapped around a bit, and Bogart look-alike Jerry Lacey almost makes this line of hokum sound authentic. But when the real Bogart treated women badly, it was, as I said, because the women he knew were not to be trusted. It was certainly never because he was trying to score. The suggestion that this is what motivated him, as it does Allan, degrades the Bogart chracter. In *Sam's* big love scene Allan tries to seduce his best friend's wife, Linda (Diane Keaton), while Bogart tells him how to take advantage of her guilt and confusion. Then when the poorly executed strategy succeeds, Linda and Bogart both congratulate Allan for having gotten her into bed by just being himself! The self revealed here, taking lessons in seduction from a cheap imitation Bogart, is a masculine ideal straight out of *Playboy*, a magazine for which Woody Allen occasionally writes.

The prize non-sequitur in *Sam* is the way in which this scum-of-the-earth advice Bogart has been giving Allan leads to a replay of *Casablanca*'s noble ending. But the violence done to Bogart's image isn't the root of the problem here. The root is in the personality of Allan, the stock character that Woody Allen has developed in his monologues and now plays in his films. The trouble with *Sam* is that we get to know this guy too well. He's not someone we want to know that well. His neuroses are entertaining only as long as we are spared his seedy intimate relationships. It is really Woody Allen's relationships with strangers—or better still, with objects—that are funny. In the monologues he is at his best when assaulted by an elevator or trying to reason with his appliances. He is equally good when fending off a shirt mangle in *Take the Money and Run*, or testing products in *Bananas*. In *Sam*, accordingly, his rapport with a blind date isn't half as comical as his attempt to hang up her coat.

A more charitable way to look at *Sam* would be to see it as part of the coincidence between Woody Allen's comedy and Buster Keaton's. Though urbanized, intellectualized and verbalized, the Woody Allen character is very like Keaton's silent-screen hero, Friendless. I have no idea whether Allen has consciously modelled himself on Keaton, but Allen's films do sometimes follow a favorite Keaton formula: parodying serious dramatic films. Keaton's *The Three Ages,* for instance, is a takeoff on Griffith's *Intolerance*. Allen hasn't tried anything quite so ambitious as this. In *Bananas* he staged a small garbage fight that made fun of the eating scene at the inn in *Tom Jones*; and at another point, in the midst of the revolution, a baby carriage bumped down a stair mocking the Odessa steps episode in *Potemkin*. *Play It Again, Sam* is as close as Allen has come to a programmatic adoption of Keaton's idea. (Though *Sam* was originally a Broadway play, the play seems to have been intended all along to become a screenplay.) If Allen has been trying to emulate Keaton, perhaps his trouble is not having learned his lesson well enough. *The Three Ages* wasn't funny either.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* is again appearing on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated July 14, July 28, August 11, August 25, September 8, and September 22. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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an exchange of views

Politics, Abortion & Fr.-Rep. Drinan

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: Contrary to Peter Steinfels [Mar. 31], I did not say in my book that Father Robert Drinan had "rejected" the church's teaching on abortion but that he was "willing to sidestep an emotional and divisive issue."

I further said that "without denying the immorality of the practice," he thinks it may be better to allow abortion on demand instead of allowing the state to choose which fetuses shall live. I then added "Thus while not admitting that it is morally correct, he gives support to the program of the most extreme abortion-reform advocates" (*The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism*, p. 166).

These remarks are based on Father Drinan's argument in *Commonweal* (Apr. 17, 1970) that although abortion is in theory wrong it is perhaps better for Catholics not to oppose repeal of abortion laws, and his suggestion that the bishops cannot speak authoritatively against abortion because they do not represent the consensus of their people. (By this principle of course no bishop could speak out against the war or segregation either.)

My suggestion that his candidacy for office may have had something to do with Father Drinan's stand is based on the following remark of his (*Commonweal*, June 12, 1970): "Since Sister Eileen kindly wishes me 'all success' in my candidacy for a seat in Congress it may not be out of place to note that I have encountered on hundreds of occasions during the past few weeks a deep distrust which non-Catholics have of Catholic spokesmen as a result of the pressure which Catholic spokesmen in Massachusetts have in the past brought to bear . . . to preserve . . . laws regarding birth control."

He said it was clear that most non-Catholics throughout the state resented this. While conceding that abortion was a different issue from birth control, he said that the Second Vatican Council had "surely" prohibited Catholics from using legal coercion in these matters.

JAMES HITCHCOCK

Rome

To the Editors: The March 31 issue of *Commonweal* carries an article by Peter Steinfels which among other odds and ends comments on my article [in the English language edition of *L'Osservatore Romano*] "Priest, Prophet and the Political Prophet." His column,

'Priests in Politics'

though highly personal and interesting, touches my article only sporadically and in passing. Even Mr. Steinfels must remind himself, as he gets into predictions about Italian elections (which few Italian political experts dare to do) and the reading material of his children, that he should "return to the article" which he says is under discussion. Not that I would not want to discuss with Mr. Steinfels the mysteries of Italian politics or his children's hour in the library. But judging from his comments the first is a personal problem and the latter a pastoral one.

Perhaps it might be helpful to clear some of the smoke and smog to look at a few facts that could help others see why Mr. Steinfels concludes: "The idea of priests' running for office continues to strike me as something to be discouraged."

First let me clarify this point. It is Mr. Steinfels who brings Father Drinan's name into the abortion debate here in terms of my article. In fact there are priests engaged in partisan politics and holding elected office in other lands.

Our next fact in the abortion battle is a clear one. The United States Bishops have labeled abortion as "murder" and reject the notion of legalized abortion. Father Drinan maintains his old position and so finds himself rejecting the position of the Church in the United States as expressed in this particular situation by the Bishops. One can hardly call those words unfairly harsh or "slander."

Another cold fact of political life is that politicians must run for election and continued re-election. Thus Congressman-Father Drinan must continue to please his voters. In this Father is the equal of all office-seekers.

Still another interesting fact is the basic inconsistency of Father Drinan's abortion position. Father finds the destruction of human life through abortion "immoral" yet maintains that it should be permitted. This he describes as "compassionate." Father finds the destruction of human life in Vietnam "immoral" and maintains it should not be permitted. This he describes as the work of a "barbarian."

Perhaps the harshest political fact in all this maze is that for the moment among many liberals both the cessation of the Vietnam war and the liberalization of abortion laws are popular themes. One might call them "vote-getters." That anyone should be hurt when this is pointed out is, it seems, little more than a handy political rhetorical device.

May I conclude with two observations. The fight against legalized abortion is not a narrow "ghetto mentality" Catholic position. It is a fight to salvage some remnant of the civilization that used to reject totally the contempt for life summed up in the recent scene in Boston. The Massachusetts reader may recall the *Boston Globe* story of a body of a recently aborted baby girl being thrown by a fan at a March 13 Boston Garden hockey game.

Clearly, as Mr. Steinfels pointed out, the place for priests is not in politics. My article agrees with this general view

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but was concerned only with priests in partisan political office.

(REV.) DONALD W. WUERL

Reply

Let us start from the beginning. James Hitchcock wrote a book. Father Wuerl wrote a long article. I wrote a column.

Neither the book, nor the article, nor the column was primarily about Robert Drinan and abortion. But the matter was worth mentioning in the first place—and is worth pursuing here—because it is a question of fundamental decency. It is also a striking illustration of the problem my column raised.

First, Mr. Hitchcock's book. In it, Mr. Hitchcock briefly discusses Father Drinan's stand on abortion. He does so in the context of an argument that "radical Catholics" have compromised their principles in order to win acceptance from progressive secularists. The paragraph on Father Drinan begins with a reference to "a kind of cultural determinism with respect to the secular worlds [radical Catholics] seek to penetrate." The sentence following the discussion of Father Drinan's views speaks of "similar kinds of moral compromises."

Given that context, Mr. Hitchcock's letter reconstructs the argument of his book with approximate accuracy. Except for the omission of a key passage. In his book (p. 167), Hitchcock wrote of Drinan: *"At the time that he set forth his ideas on abortion-law reform he was in fact a candidate for Congress, nominated with broad liberal support."* [My emphasis.]

Now that "fact" is simply not true. Hitchcock should have known it was not true when he wrote his book. In the very *Commonweal* article, on which Hitchcock based his "fact," Father Drinan referred to, and cited, the recommendation on abortion laws he had made to the Catholic Theological Society *two years before*. Furthermore, Drinan's evolving views on abortion law were analyzed in Daniel Callahan's *Abortion: Law, Choice, and Morality*, a book which Mr. Hitchcock did not hesitate to criticize sweepingly (pp. 162-163) and which, presumably, he had read.

It is true that Hitchcock does not say Father Drinan "rejected" the church's teachings; that is Father Wuerl's version. But Hitchcock's account gives an equally opprobrious picture of a priest trimming his beliefs to suit the electoral winds. Perhaps it is simple-minded of me to think that Hitchcock's picture is drastically altered by the one blunt fact, namely that Drinan developed his position on abortion laws several years before his Congressional candidacy. However much that position may have affected his standing with fearful Massachusetts non-Catholics, it was originally set forth in the context of Catholic theologians and Catholic journals. I can think of better ways to "sidestep an emotional and divisive issue."

But what does Hitchcock think? That he got this simple but basic fact wrong in his book can be chalked up to inexcusably shoddy research and overenthusiasm for prosecuting "radical Catholics." But that he still does not advert to it, or take the opportunity to correct his error and the aspersions he cast on Father Drinan, is more than a little disappointing.

Father Wuerl is not disappointing. He is positively exhilarating. The talents for evasion and equivocation which sprouted delicately in his *L'Osservatore Romano* piece are here burst into full bloom.

It is Mr. Steinfels who drags Father Drinan into all this, says our correspondent. (In an earlier letter to the Worcester *Catholic Free Press* he complained that Father Drinan and Religious News Service "jump to the conclusion" that he is talking about the American Congressman.) Not that Father Wuerl demurs at running on about Father Drinan and abortion once someone else has supposedly brought the subject up. "Well, I wasn't going to say anything myself, but now that you mention it. . . ."

For the record, here is his original statement: "The Gospel message cannot be filtered through voter appeal. The practical force of this argument is already clear in one case where a priest office-holder has already found it necessary to reject the teaching of the Church on abortion!" If Father Wuerl was referring to Drinan—as it was not unreasonable to presume in an article directed toward the situation in the United States—why doesn't he admit it? If he wasn't referring to Father Drinan, why doesn't he flatly say so, instead of hiding behind cute evasions? If he was referring to someone else, in "other lands," why doesn't he tell us whom?

Why all the rigmarole? On one level, it is just silly; if the Vatican gives out a Dita D. Beard Award, Father Wuerl would be a prime candidate. On another level, it is more serious: the old game of proceeding by innuendo and accusations kept just vague enough so that they cannot be rebutted.

I have no interest in debating the merits of Father Drinan's abortion-law views with Father Wuerl. They are not my own views, and they were not the subject of my column. Readers interested in comments on them might consult Callahan's book or, for a more critical appraisal, German Grisez's *Abortion: the Myths, the Realities, and the Arguments*. Both authors, from very different perspectives, make the necessary minimal effort to understand what Drinan has said. There is no evidence in his letter that Father Wuerl has done as much.

What does interest me in Father Wuerl's letter is a series of transmutations.

Transmutation One: Father Wuerl's article gave the impression that it was Drinan's candidacy which brought him to "reject" the church's teaching. Now he clarifies this: by rejection he means that Father Drinan *maintained* his pre-election convictions.

The scenario this suggests is fascinating: Father Drinan, a man of some theological and legal accomplishment, reaches a conclusion on a moral-legal question. The bishops reach a different conclusion. When Father Drinan, a person in public life whether as dean of a

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law school or as a political candidate, is questioned on this difference, is he free to reply that after giving the bishops' conclusion serious thought he still holds to his original view? According to Father Wuerl, he is not. He must, more or less, recant, or at least retreat into a discreet mumble. Were it not for Drinan's political ambitions, this is the course—so Father Wuerl presumes—he would have taken.

The implications of this scenario are considerable, not merely for priest office-holders but for all priests, and possibly laymen, in positions where intellectual independence and integrity are crucial.

Transmutation Two: Father Wuerl's article spoke of the priest as "a consecrated witness to the Gospel." His letter to the *Catholic Free Press* speaks of Drinan as a "Religious," who "follows his solemn promise of obedience to his religious superiors." This change of emphasis alerts us to

Transmutation Three: Father Wuerl's article speaks first of "the Gospel message" and then of "the teaching of the Church on abortion." Already that is a shift. Now in his letter he speaks of the United States bishops' statement on abortion as "murder"—still a further shift—and then of the bishops' opposition to abortion law reform—a final shift. We travel all the way from the Gospel message to the teaching of the *Church* on abortion to the teaching of the *American bishops'* on the *morality* of abortion to the American bishops' position on the *legal import* of this morality. And because Drinan rejects only the last, Father Wuerl feels entitled to give the impression he rejects all the former.

Again, the implications of such a series of equations are grave. Either Father Wuerl is knowingly slurring over distinctions he is aware of, in order to tar Drinan; or he is setting the discussion of the relations between church and state, between individual Catholics and hierarchical authority, back about twenty-five years.

So finally there is the matter of my column. In it, I expressed agreement with much that Father Wuerl said in *L'Osservatore Romano* but also raised the possibility that the phrases and ideals of pluralism and liberal Catholicism were merely being adopted to shore up the traditional structures. The transmutations above more than confirm this suspicion. When Father Wuerl talks of prophets and witnesses to the Gospel, what he means, it turns out, is obedient priests who do not disagree with their bishops. When Father Wuerl talks of preserving a great tradition of pluralism, what he means, it turns out, is preserving the political effectiveness of the bishops.

When he talks of the dangers of "neo-clericalism," what he means, it turns out, is something that does not exist in Italy where the church just threw its weight forcefully into a national election, or in Spain where Father Wuerl's superior, Cardinal Wright, was just entangled in an effort to rescue the throne-and-altar faction of pro-Franco bishops from the growing number of liberal prelates.

In a backhanded sort of way, Father Wuerl does prove his own case. He provides a concrete reminder of why liberal Catholics preferred to have priests stay out of politics. And it wasn't because of the Father Drinans of this world.

PETER STEINFELS

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DOW PARKES

THE HORSES OF THE SUN

The long blue ranges stretching
from east of dawn to west
begin to gleam with purple
and now along their crest
a golden mist is shining
as from the cobalt deeps
Apollo's horses rising
climb the morning steeps,
touching all the mountains
with their sacred fire
and making every smokestack
seem a gilded spire.

In this golden moment
the ghettos shine so clear
it seems the young will never
feel the knife of fear,
and jungles seem so distant,
so hazy and unreal
who can see the soldiers
with bleeding wounds to heal?

Apollo's horses burning
reach their utmost highs,
streets and jungles open
below their golden eyes;
they could see the wounded
had not Apollo kind
made their fire so scorching
all of them are blind

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MAILER ON THE HIGH WIRE

SAUL MALOFF

THE ASTONISHING thing about Norman Mailer is that having conducted his one-man high-wire extravaganza for much of his very public life, two shows daily whether or not he was in shape for either, he has so seldom fallen. Stagger, stumble, trip, grope—yes; but not fallen, at least not all the way down. He slips often, loses his footing, can't find the homing wire but he almost always does gain a purchase (one of his favorite words) somewhere in midair and manages hand over hand to climb a rope that isn't there until he is perched again—sniggering at those below who thought he'd never make it—and lurching toward a precarious haven.

Yet, though we have seen him perform the act again and again, we can never be sure at the outset of still another that he'll make it all the way there—not after all those false starts, shifts of direction, sudden leaps, backing and filling—a preference for arcs and circles to straight lines and right angles; but of course he does. Even if where he comes out may not be everyone's idea of home, it's a place to hang your hat and call it a night's work. One suspects—indeed at times he virtually tells us as much—that knowing in a rough, amiable way where he's starting from and where he prays to get to, he'll take any road at hand, branch off as it does, bulldozing new ones through unexpected thickets, walking across waters chanced upon, slogging through bogs—and arrive, long after you're sure he's drowned en route. If, now, I may be permitted to—ahem! (Mailer is likely to use fatuous little mannerisms like that one)—shift to solider ground: Mailer always gets there more or less intact because, in his discursive writing anyway, he's the best after-dinner talker in American letters.

All he needs is an occasion worth the effort, a theme that excites his fancy, and spacious room for maneuver. *Existential Errands*, a grab-bag of twenty-eight pieces written over the past five years, provides some fine enabling occasions, and others that are merely errands for bringing back the bread, a form of roadwork. And since next to nothing Mailer does or writes fails to find a large audience, many of these pieces became famous at the first moment of impact, if not before. Had he culled more severely, edited himself more austerely, this, like almost everything else he has written, would have been stronger and less vulnerable. Though, on the other hand, Mailer lean, like Tony Galento, is not the man we have taken for our very own: his power derives from mass, he thrives in and by his excesses; and, when we are not driven mad by them, we delight in them.

Existential Errands
NORMAN MAILER
Little, Brown, $7.95

Some of his excesses—stylistic, syntactic, metaphoric—we can do without. Old and bad oratorical habits have persisted over the years, tricks of speech, annoying little flourishes meant to be endearing. Some oddities are the penalties of free-wheeling improvisation which may strike gongs in the auditor's ear but which fails to resolve in the eye—the mode here being closer to speech in the grand manner than to writing. I do not refer to sheer bumbling clumsiness, usually of the more plodding, flatfooted kind, more often than not a misbegotten attempt at levity, for which Mailer simply does not have the deftness of touch. I refer rather to those excesses which yield when they are right, the memorable moments. When they misfire, they are merely showy, wanton recklessness. In the "interstices of metaphor," where Mailer says he is "adept at dancing," the ground is notoriously treacherous, and the dancer can as soon fall on his face as perform trippingly, taking in the great space of the stage in a single improbable leap.

Take, out of an unlimited number, an example of each. In "Looking for the Meat and Potatoes—Thoughts on Black" (a piece vastly superior to its bluesy title, just as any title would be preferable to the volume's actual one) Mailer begins jauntily with some brisk, colorful though familiar chat about moon-flights, the imaginative poverty of our language for the great cosmic adventure, the plastic culture and—Mailer being our poet of viscera and organs—bowels. He begins with these marginalia because—one is confident—they happened to be there in his head when he picked up his pen and turned it to the current assignment (commissioned by *Look*).

Still, for the true improvisational artist, everything is grist for the mill, it being his special gift to spy out relations where none existed before (a working definition of metaphor). Rolling now, and feeling his oats, Mailer taunts the reader, his "splendid American," the oaf who can't imagine what these city slickers, these fast-talking wiseguy Jews are talking about. When Mailer taunts, he taunts in so many words: "all right, bright fellow, the reader now may say—what does all this have to do with Black Power?" Then he swoops and glides out of what only the splendid American lout thought was an inextricable bind by observing unexceptionably that our language is as little equipped to talk about the music of the spheres as it is to talk

SAUL MALOFF *has just completed a new novel.*

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about Black Power—"any more than it can talk to us about death, or the inner experiences of real sex, real danger, real dread"—which are, as you know, Mailer's special province.

There follow some trenchant, though scarcely dazzlingly fresh, passages on ghetto blacks as a colonial people; and then, in the course of making the usual distinction between black and Negro and pointing out that no American Negro, however "Negroid White" he may be, is "contemptuous of Black Power," he dances into the interstices of this metaphor: "Like the accusing finger in the dream it is the rarest nerve in their head, the frightening pulse in their heart, equal in emotional weight to that passion which many a noble nun sought to conquer on a cold stone floor." He will not return or even allude to that metaphor again; and since there is no imaginative working-out of the metaphor, if it is that, we shall be left alone to ponder whether he has struck truth by the violent yoking of those apparently discrete orders of experience or only ripped us off most presumptuously.

Take another, from "King of the Hill," the justly famous account of the Ali-Frazier fight. Metaphysician of the ring, Mailer is on home ground here, which means that although he is possessed and will write like a dervish, whirling repeatedly into madness (Ali "is America's Greatest Ego. He is also . . . the swiftest embodiment of the human intelligence we have had yet, he is the very spirit of the twentieth century, he is prince of mass man and the media"—and much more in that vein)—though he goes berserk at intervals, he more than redeems all the galloping nuttiness by writing wonderfully well of boxers and boxing, which is to say he strikes sparks that ignite fire and spread light. The late A. J. Liebling, who took Pierce Egan and Hazlitt for his models and was incomparably good in the naturalistic convention, wrote superlatively well of the sporting crowd, milieu and atmosphere, and approached the fight itself as a connoisseur of craft and a dandy of art —almost as an afterthought; and although he could rise to eloquence, as in his depictions of that wily old fox, Archie Moore, or that consummate cat Sugar Ray, and speak of the mechanics of the "game" as a painter might of brush-strokes, he fell back finally, as lesser writers do, on the language of the training camp: moves and jabs, hooks and right-hand leads, uppercuts and combinations. But Mailer, mystic and metaphorist, aesthetician and phenomenologist, isn't content with any of that: the received language of sporting journalism is inadequate to the subtle, mysterious dialectics where it doesn't actually distort its nature and his experience of it.

The problem with mystery, as with art, is how to talk about it; it is a problem in the modes of criticism—how to devise a language that enables description, analysis and judgment, while at the same time evoking the drama's essential *form* and soul: a (why not go all out while we're at it?) poetics of nature; and insisting, as the ground of understanding a prizefighter, that "he speaks with a command of the body which is as detached, subtle and comprehensive in its intelligence as any exercise of mind by such social engineers as Herman Kahn or Henry Kissinger." So seen, a fighter can express himself with "wit, style and an aesthetic flair for surprise." In fact, he observes brilliantly, "Boxing is a dialogue between two bodies. Ignorant men, usually black and usually next to illiterate, address one another in a set of *conversational* exchanges which go deep into the heart of each other's matter. It is just that they converse with their physiques"—and deal out, as others do verbally, "incisive remark[s] which can inflict "mortal wound[s]." In this sense, what had been a generalized "dialogue" becomes a "rapid debate between two sets of intelligence"—in Mailer's classical instance the debate between Frazier, the "war machine" and Ali, the wit, jive-artist, raconteur, versifier, butterfly and bee. As I write this, I have just seen the war machine pick apart a back-alley brawler named Stander. Stander, inarticulate almost to muteness, dumbly insisted on making his dull point, ineptly, again and again, though no one was listening; and Frazier kept saying to the dude, No, no, no, boy. You're getting it all wrong. You know what I mean? *This* is the point, *this* is how it's said,—until the ringside doctor declared the uninteresting difference of opinion over and done with. From the first exchange, question and answer, the most casual eavesdropper, schooled by Mailer, knew there was no issue at all.

Being Mailer, Mailer—who loves nothing better than to elaborate forests from leaves of grass—shifts from a theory of sensibility to a general theory of culture. If we are white, he says, and want to be "comfortable we put our emphasis on learning to talk with the mind"; but ghetto cultures, where wisdom begins in the expectation of nothing, "tend to stick with the wit their bodies provide. They speak to each other with their bodies, they signal with their clothes. They talk with many a silent telepathic intelligence." And then he goes deep into trouble, his natural ambience, drawn there by his version of pastoralism. If blacks are learning to speak "our mixture of formal English and jargon-polluted American . . . so white corporate America is getting more sexual and more athletic." From there it's a short distance across a mere galaxy or two to a mystique of blackness—not merely a celebration (a party I gladly join) of the styles, modes, values, virtues, the truth and beauty created out of the genius of an oppressed people in their isolation, but to a full-throated incantation of "telepathic intelligence" which will lead him later, in the piece on Black Power, during an aside on the great civil rights march on Washington in the summer of 1963, "to entertain the real possibility that the Negroes have psychic powers of mass impromptu collaboration which are mysterious, and by that measure, superior to the White"—because no episodes of violence occurred!

Now, I do not ask that Mailer observe the law of parsimony (the creative violation of which is his mission and special gift); but only that he recall that historic, ephemerally beautiful and tragic day. It was a love-feast, for

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black and white alike; and a sacred pilgrimage. A raised voice would have been unthinkable, much less a frayed temper, for everyone knew that at that moment of its maximum expression one phase of a great movement was dying. I can remember standing in an immense throng so thick it seemed a single body, and when in its midst a young woman fainted in the overpowering heat, the mass parted like the waters at a murmuring it couldn't have heard to open an avenue for the medical attendants, white and black, responding to the same impulse.

And yet—and yet that same piece which, once moving almost never leaves the interstices of metaphor, contains more wit and truth than can ever be found in a battalion of sociologists and statisticians, their hands full of incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. How is it that I don't see such an outrageous conclusion as this as sheer bombast, a spieler's mouthings, portentous crap: ". . . those well-ordered epochs of capitalism which flushed the white wastes down into the Black heart are gone—the pipes of civilization are backing up. The irony is that we may yet even need a Black vision of existence if civilization is to survive the death chamber it has built for itself. So let us at least recognize the real ground of Black Power—it is ambitious, beautiful, awesome, terrifying, and has to do with nothing so much as the most important questions for us all—what is man? why are we here? will we survive?" Better, sometimes, to err with Mailer than be right with those reasonable men who are his detractors.

How decent of him to ask! Imagine the occupant of Gracie Mansion asking such questions! If Mailer had—if only he had triumphed in that particular existential errand, and Breslin with him, we might all of us have gone down the pipe in one great rush, but we wouldn't have died of moral reek and noxious boredom. Ideas can kill quicker than tedium; and Mailer's idea of a 51st State composed of autonomous neighborhoods working out their destinies, passions, repressed wishes and secret metaphors is, I think, a beautiful one fraught with drama and tension. All you need to do to see it might have left corpses strewn everywhere is to walk down any of those mean streets; but on the other hand it might have sprung up orchards amidst the charred ruins of the necropolis. But above all it was an *idea*, and the only one floating; listening to that spieler expounding it in his cups, all obscenities preserved, in the pieces included here is a melancholy reminder of yet another possibility lost.

Spaced out, I must note without comment that I have far from exhausted the good things here, or the indifferent or merely self-indulgent ones; and I do so with the unnecessary reminder that Mailer badmouthing his hecklers and teetering dangerously is worth the mess of us cold sober and foursquare.

Sex: Thoughts for Contemporary Christians

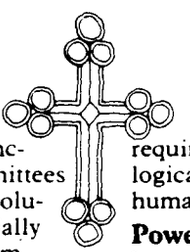
Ed. MICHAEL J. TAYLOR, S.J.

Doubleday, $5.95

MICHAEL ZEIK

"There may be some things better than sex," said W. C. Fields, "and some things may be worse—but there is nothing exactly like it!" And I personally want to thank the editors of *Commonweal* for taking me off those ponderous books of Eastern mysticism and ecumenical relations long enough to review at least one book on sex. How the editors learned of my expertise on the subject is a mystery to me, but their informants were completely accurate. (Except for the summer of 1966, which I could prove—to any sympathetic audience—was not my fault.)

Power to Dissolve



This book centers on the functioning of the courts and committees of the Roman Curia in the dissolution of marriage. Jurisprudentially an examination of a legal system, it is a book about the persons in whom the law lives – the married couples themselves, their lovers, their lawyers, their judges. Examining six principal cases spanning three centuries, *Power to Dissolve* treats a legal system as neither pure principal nor pure politics, neither a government of laws nor of men, but a process whose understanding requires a knowledge of theological doctrine, legal rules, and human interactions.

Power to Dissolve
Lawyers and Marriages in the Courts of the Roman Curia
by John T. Noonan, Jr.
$15.00

The Belknap Press
Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

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All comedy aside—not that it's necessarily good to put all comedy aside when dealing with sex—this is quite a useful book put together by Fr. Michael Taylor. The contributing authors will, most of them, be well known to the readers of this journal: Rollo May, Eugene Kennedy, Charles Curran, Sidney Callahan, Andrew Greeley, and Thomas Driver, to name about half of them. So you've got a team of authorities from the diverse fields of psychology, theology, philosophy, and the social sciences all focusing their expertise on the problem of a contemporary Christian understanding of sex. They ask the right questions: how to evaluate contemporary sexual behavior, "sexuality and Jesus," premarital sexuality, sex and the single state, homosexuality, etc.

Books composed in this fashion (diverse authors, diverse topics, diverse areas of specialization) are notoriously difficult to review. But let me comment on some of the general themes, at least, which I find running through the whole.

In one form or another, at least half of the contributors note the church's disservice to the human race in its long tradition of Manichean suspicion of sexuality. They, most of them, would agree that the church is now in the process of recovering its earlier biblical, and more wholesome view of human sexuality; but a great distance remains to be traversed, as is indicated by the official pronouncements on birth control, obligatory celibacy for priests, and the like. "The wonder that lovers should know of the confirming and nourishing power of their bodily communication was checked by a generation of churchmen who elevated *noli me tangere* to the level of a counsel if not a commandment," writes Eugene Kennedy. The church's tremendous overevaluation of virginity and its suspicion of friendship and intimacy contributed to the tragic separation of sex from the human experience of love.

How was this tragic suspicion generated? Driver and Curran trace the problem to its historical roots. *Most* religions, notes Driver, make sexuality one of their principal concerns. "Either they regard it as a sign of power that must be replenished from on high, or they regard it as a pollution from which men must be purged." While sex is God for many ancient religions, it is Satan for the gnostic ones, both pagan and 'Christian,' springing up in the Hellenistic world just before and after the time of Christ.

But Jesus, observes Driver, demythologizes sex. Jesus regards it neither as some mysterious force emanating from the Godhead, nor as some Satanic gravity pulling souls down to hell—although the latter view was adopted by assorted gnostics and Manicheans whose teachings have continuously, if surreptitiously, clouded over the true concept of Christian sexuality, like a virus in the blood stream.

Kindly note the paradox: it is today's "liberals" who are finding the taint of heresy in unexamined traditionalism. To some extent the "conservatives," here, have been conserving Manicheanism. We should not be surprised. In my opinion, "Orthodoxy" has always required too delicate a balance to be the exclusive property of any one 'camp' of the church. It can be achieved (and maintained) only by the most athletic dialogue between all factions and schools of thought in any church that calls itself "Catholic."

Driver maintains, correctly, I think, that the sexless Jesus held up to us in childhood—the Jesus tempted in all things save sex—was less than a human Jesus. He was a Docetic Jesus—a shadowy power of God who put on the illusion, the "maya," of flesh, but who was never really incarnate. Far be it from God, taught the Docetics, to become the animal that is man.

But there's another over-arching theme to the book. And without it I would not be recommending this work as enthusiastically as I do. For while the past teaching of the church has been Manichean in cast, the present sexual behavior of the Western world (not India or China, be it noted) seems to me technically insane! Premier Khrushchev once remarked to newsmen in N.Y. that the human race is like a drunk who, after he falls off one side of his horse, gets up and falls off the other side. It's homely. It's Hegelian. It's also true.

Surely twentieth-century Western man, having turned his back on Victorian inhibition, has gone down on his knees to Dionysius. In our times we have all seen, in drama, literature, movies and advertisements, the apotheosis of orgasm.

It is, moreover, the characteristic danger of the "liberals," to give them their turn, to jump on bandwagons, and to discover messianic implications in every new shift of cultural perspective that comes along. I personally have become tired of listening to priests and nuns pooh-poohing (and oversimplifying) the appropriateness of pre-marital chastity and marital fidelity.

How does this book, then, stand up to the danger of faddism? I think, well. It does indeed show how much more complex are the problems of adolescent masturbation, pre-marital sexuality, homosexuality, etc, than moralists a generation ago were willing or able to admit. Yet the book on the whole does avoid unreflective enthusiasm for Gallup-poll moral theology.

Rollo May is especially good in his remarks on the current banalization of sex. The psychotherapist observes that while the Victorian type of sexual repression is no longer a problem, the lack of meaning in sex *is*. May finds three outstanding sexual paradoxes in our time:

1—As sex manuals and contraceptive devices become available everywhere, and as *external* societal anxiety over sex decreases, *internal* anxiety has apparently increased.

2—As the emphasis on sexual technology and expertise increases, the amount of passion and pleasure in love-making has decreased, while feelings of loneliness and depersonalization predominate.

3—Our current highly vaunted sexual freedom has many aspects of the old Puritan tyranny about it. The same separation of reason from emotion, the same alienation from our bodies which are seen as mere biological machines, is as evident in 20th century "liberation"

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as in 17th century puritanism. We even experience Victorian timidity, although in reverse: they sought to have love without falling into sex; we seek to have sex without falling into love.

In the meantime, back on the ranch, robot-sex gets less and less pleasurable, liberated male college students complain more and more of impotency, and the younger generation has to turn to drugs for kicks.

In a similar vein I very much appreciated Sidney Callahan's unfashionable defense of celibacy as one authentic human life-style among others. Along with the neurotics who may opt for celibacy out of fear and repression, there are obviously celibates who continue to grow and develop as persons "converting erotic energy into communal love and work." As long as sexual energy can be sublimated in creative work, Sigmund Freud is satisfied; many of his vulgarizers are not. Many continue to identify genital furor with personality growth; but as Mrs. Callahan observes, "Some 10,000 orgasms over the course of a marriage do not necessarily change the personalities." She is right. We can easily be the same s.o.b's (and, *pace*, "d.o.b's") climbing out of bed, as into it. I have often remarked how many intellectuals there are who despise *Christian* celibacy but who are enamored of it in a Buddhist setting.

To conclude: this is an eminently worthwhile book which avoids both the Scylla of idolatrous traditionalism, and the Charybdis of 'conformist' faddism. There are a couple of things I didn't like in it. I always squirm when priests wax rhapsodic about conjugal ecstasy; and I could not agree with—although I learned something from—Pierre Nappy's thesis on the positive aspects of homosexuality. But taken all in all, it's the best Christian book on sex I've read in a long time.

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REVIEWERS

MICHAEL ZEIK teaches Oriental Studies at Marymount College in Tarrytown, N.Y.

ERNEST GRUENING, U.S. Senator from Alaska, until 1969, is the author of several books, including *The Battle for Alaska Statehood.*

In the Fullness of Time: The Memoirs of Paul Douglas

Harcourt, Brace, $13.50

ERNEST GRUENING

Paul H. Douglas rates a triptych in the hall of fame—as an economist, as a public servant and as a patriot. Reared in poverty at the edge of the Maine wilderness where he acquired a great love for the outdoors, he worked his way through Bowdoin waiting on tables and doing odd jobs. President of his freshman class, and a football player for his last two years, he also revealed his reformist impulses early. He resented the discriminations practiced by his fellow-Protestants against the Irish and French Canadians who labored in the town's industries; and, though a "frat" member himself, he sided with the non-fraternity students in starting a movement for a non-fraternity house.

At graduation he was awarded a fellowship in the Graduate School of Economics and Political Science at Columbia University. After two years there he went to Harvard to strengthen himself in economic theory and there ran into conflicts among the Department's luminaries, Taussig, Carver and Bullock. Here his own economic liberalism further matured. Then he served as an instructor at the University of Illinois and later as an assistant professor at Reed College, Portland, Oregon. He sought to enlist in World War I but was rejected for defective eyesight; so he was retained to settle industrial disputes for the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The war over, he taught for a year at the University of Washington and at the Seattle Labor College. In 1920 he was offered an assistant-professorship at the University of Chicago. Meanwhile he had finished his doctoral dissertation and received his Ph.D. from Columbia.

Thereafter Chicago was Douglas' home. Then he began publishing his books on economic and social subjects, one appearing nearly every other year. His *Real Wages in the U.S. 1890-1906* received the $5,000 Hart, Schaffner and Marx international prize. Douglas also engaged in much extra-curricular activity, arbitrating industry-labor disputes, visiting Russia as the economic advisor on an American trade union delegation, investigating the U.S. military occupation of Haiti for the American Friends Service Committee.

Before long, Douglas, concerned with urban problems, was prevailed upon to run for the Chicago City Council where he served for three years and added practical experience to his theoretical approaches. Meanwhile he was elected President of the American Economic Association.

Douglas saw the rise of totalitarianism abroad—in Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy and Stalin's Russia—with deep concern. With U.S. entry into the war, he felt an irresistible compulsion to do his part. He could no doubt have taken a Brigadier-General's star and directed the economics of the war from a desk in the Pentagon; but he chose combat and, at age fifty, enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps. He had prepared himself physically by strenuous exercise and, holding his own with recruits thirty years younger, fought through the amphibious landings on island after island across the Pacific until Japanese gunfire severed the artery and nerves of his left arm and rendered it useless. He retired as a Lieutenant Colonel.

Back in Illinois he yielded to a widespread demand to run for the U.S. Senate and was elected on the Democratic ticket in 1948. There he battled unceasingly for fair treatment of ethnic minorities and for the economically dis-

From CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CULTURAL BONDAGE, by M. B. Martin, S.J.: " 'A Stupid Man . . . built his house on sand.' The stupid man of Western culture has not been able to disentangle his religious beliefs from the fictitious world of ages gone by. He has built his house on the sands of ancient cultures which are being blown and washed away by modern knowledge. The house of his religious convictions seems to be falling and the Christianity of the Western cultural tradition is in deep trouble. But it is not the house that Christ built." (B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63103)

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advantaged. Re-elected in 1954 and 1960, he became the stanchest advocate for civil rights and the social gains in health and housing.

Paul Douglas' greatest legislative achievement was "truth in lending." Credit buying had by 1960 passed fifty billion dollars annually. Yet the public was wholly unaware that the rate the borrower or installment purchaser was paying was wholly misrepresented by the interest he was presumably charged. The total interest charge on a bank loan was deducted at the start and the resulting rate doubled what the borrower assumed it to be. In installment buying on a home or auto there were other undeclared charges. Many a young couple starting hopefully with the assumption that they would pay for their home, washing machine, refrigerator, T.V., and auto on the enticing "pay as you go" plan found themselves ruinously in debt. A common deception was to cite the monthly interest rate to innocent buyers. Douglas' legislation provided that every installment contract or loan agreement reveal on its face what the charges were. This reform was bitterly fought by the American Bankers' Association, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, by the automobile industry and the big department stores.

Douglas' problem was to get the bill reported by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee of which he was a member. In his third term (1960-1968) Douglas found the committee composed of ten Democrats and five Republicans. All Republicans but Clifford Case of New Jersey were opposed; and among the Democrats Willis Robertson of Virginia, Edward Long of Missouri, himself in the small loan business, Ed Muskie of Maine and Tom McIntyre of New Hampshire opposed—one short of the necessary eight. Thus the legislation whose passage was assured on the floor was stymied till the defeat of Robertson in the 1966 election. Unfortunately Douglas was also defeated, but the legislation was enacted in the next session under the leadership of Senator William Proxmire and in the House with that of Mrs. Leonor Sullivan of Missouri. But it was Douglas' achievement.

Another achievement was the setting aside of the Indiana Dunes as a National Lake-shore just in time to prevent its destruction by the invading steel industry.

There is much else in this massive memoir—penetrating discussion of current issues and of the national personalities who were and are lined up on both sides. Enriched by pertinent quotations derived from wide reading, illuminated by judicious comment and perspicacious analysis, this is a modestly presented record of half a century of dedication to public service by a public servant of integrity, courage and high purpose.

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

ent uncertain whether Senator McGovern, who objects to this trend, can alter it.

Thirdly, radical politics is so much the province of the affluent and the educated—those Joe Duffey once called "the suburban SDS"—that it fairly reeks with class bias. Not least is this class bias evident in the writings and sayings of radical Catholics, who might otherwise have become important leaders of a new politics for lower-middle-class whites, among whom are so many Catholics. Imagine if the Berrigans had aimed their moral witness at such groups, instead of at the educated left.

What the election of 1972 shows, clearer than any other theme, is that great political energy and restlessness lie in the ranks of lower-middle-class whites. That energy desperately needs a political focus, and progressive leadership with which it can feel connected.

The purpose of the Ethnic Democratic Caucus would be to formulate political reforms that would restore morale to such persons; give them a sense of cooperation in the greater American project of realizing social justice; the integration of neighborhoods; and the strengthening of human networks between family, relatives and neighbors. At present, for example,

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there are no social rewards for integration, only penalties. That's an insane circumstance, an utter bankruptcy of social policy.

There are in Italian, Slavic, Greek, Irish and other cultures in America great resources for devising ways to strengthen families and neighborhoods. The American liberal tends at present to approach all problems with money, experts and bureaucracy. Other ethnic traditions suggest that the liberal ways are inherently alienating. Consolidated schools, for example, end up as huge bureaucracies; respect for the individual cultural histories of students is screened out by the wire mesh of abstract rules and roles.

The Ethnic Democratic Caucus would try, by contrast, to invent a politics respecting person-to-person cooperation, the cultural context of education, the cultivation of compassion across ethnic lines, methods for recognizing and respecting the diversity of others. Instead of imagining society as a sort of machine, a set of functions to be administered bureaucratically, it will try to mark out areas of human life that can still be run on a human scale, organically, by the laws and ways of persons, not machines.

In our complex world, bureaucracy will always be with us. But local, neighborhood organizations—following different patterns for different cultural histories—are needed to check and balance bureaucratic superculture. New conceptions of work, family life and neighborhood living are indispensable to good morale.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 347)

which has drenched our nation at least since 1965, in the streets, in pickets and boycotts, on walls and in corridors of government buildings, in massive draft counseling, in underground publications, in self-paid trips to Paris and Hanoi, in treks across the border to Canada and other countries, or to grade these "failures" because the war goes on, cannot be based on evidence. Where might we have been without them? In these happenings, possibly phenomenal in war history, "success" cannot be measured instantly or statistically as could be the success of sales-profits from pollution-bred synthetics putting silkworms out of business.

That peace demonstrations bring out only "the converted" is not in itself sign of failure. We do not know how much the marches, with their effect on participants and observers, may have done to keep us from going the way of Germany where the populace shouted support for the Fuehrer and later pleaded "We did not know." The cry-out against our own warring has been loud and continuously increasing since the early sixties. Without the commitment, the reward of comradeship and common cause, the tragedies, the bounce and color, emotion and gaiety, the preposterous imagination, the vulgarity, of country-wide demonstrations, how many more persons might have given in to despair? The converted, the believers, need support in order to hang on, as we should know.

However, every demonstration does bring out new people and new groups. At Harrisburg's Holy Week pilgrimage, besides the admirable and now familiar Vietnam Vets, there were banners of Librarians, Engineers and Computer People, new to Harrisburg if not to marches, and busloads of white-haired women and men in paper senior citizen bonnets. Young demonstrators have grown younger. Eleven-year-olds finished planting trees at the New Cumberland Army Depot when their older brothers and sisters were hauled away under arrest. Fourteen-year-olds kept night vigils at the Federal building, many of them Harrisburg residents. High school students interviewed old-timers for their school papers, manned information desks and telephones, arranged overnight accommodations, worked on free meals at Y's and other centers and kept pace with older colleagues. Those Harrisburg clergy members who took supportive stands for defendants and demonstrators without approval of "somnolent, conservative" congregations, had at least encouragement from the thousands of visitors who came and went all week.

It is not without purpose that forceful, public protest, substantially nonviolent, protest as act and symbol, has pervaded our culture during the terrible years. Its function is far wider than letting off steam, or rite of passage for the young. Its forms will change. It seems likely to be here for a long time.

MARJORIE MURPHY

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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Medicare Premium Rate Will Increase 20 Cents

The basic premium rate for the medical insurance part of Medicare will go up from $5.60 to $5.80 a month beginning July 1, according to social security officials here.

The medical insurance part of Medicare helps pay for the doctor bills and a variety of other medical expenses for people 65 and over. The program is funded by individual premiums matched by the Federal Government.

"The 20-cent increase in the premium in July compares to a 30-cent increase in 1971 and a $1.30 increase in 1970," a social security spokesman said.

"The low increase this year reflects savings in the administration of Medicare as well as lower anticipated medical costs because of the Price Commission guidelines limiting physicians' fee increases to an average 2½ percent a year," he said.

The Medicare law requires an annual review of the cost of the medical insurance program. The premium rate is adjusted to cover the estimated medical expenses of Medicare patients during the 12 months beginning July 1.

"The cost of the program was $35 million under estimates made last year," the spokesman said. "Yet without the Price Commission limit on physicians' fees, it would have been necessary to increase the premium to at least $6 a month."

The medical insurance part of Medicare paid $2 billion in benefits on behalf of 9½ million people in fiscal 1971. Almost everyone 65 and over is enrolled—about 20 million people, according to the spokesman.

The medical insurance supplements Medicare hospital insurance, which is funded by social security contributions and helps pay for hospital bills and certain follow-up care of people 65 and over.

Medicare is administered by the Social Security Administration of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Will you be 65 soon? Telephone or visit your social security office 3 months before your birthday for information about social security retirement benefits and Medicare.

Of the people who reached 65 last year, 93 percent were eligible for monthly cash social security retirement benefits.

1972

MEDICARE FACTS

HOSPITAL CHARGES

—You Pay—

- The first $68
- $17 a day for the 61st through the 90th day
- $34 a day for each "lifetime reserve" day

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—You Pay—

- $8.50 a day for the 21st through the 100th day

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
Social Security Administration

Questions and Answers

Q. I'm signed up for both parts of Medicare. After a car accident last month, I had some teeth broken and had to go to the hospital for jaw surgery. Will Medicare pay any of this?

A. Yes. Medicare covers this type of surgery, but not ordinary dental care.

Q. I was hospitalized for two weeks last month. Because of my condition, my doctor requested a private room for me. Will my Medicare coverage pay for my private room?

A. Yes, Medicare can pay for a private room when it is medically necessary. Of course, the hospital will bill you for the first $68 of covered hospital services—which is the hospital insurance deductible at the present time.

Q. When I recently became 62, I was told by the people at the social security office that I needed one more quarter of work to be eligible for monthly payments. I now have an opportunity to work in a friend's store, but the work will only last for 4 weeks. Do I have to work a full 3-month calendar quarter to get the credit I need?

A. No. As long as you are paid at least $50 in wages in any part of a calendar quarter, you get credit for the whole quarter under social security.

Have a question about social security and its retirement, survivors, disability or Medicare benefits? See your telephone directory for the phone number and address of the nearest social security office.

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